BRITANNIA *in* TEARS:

AN

E L E G Y

OCCASIONED

By the Diſmiſſion of the Right Honble. W. P---T, and H. L--GE, Eſqrs; from the Service of their *King* and *Country*.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honble. the LORD-MAYOR, and the whole Court of ALDERMEN, except *One*; and to the Worthy Common-Council Men of this C I T Y.

Quid enim niſi vota ſuperſunt. OVID.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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To the Right Hon[ble]. *the* LORD-MAYOR, *and the whole Court of* ALDERMEN, *except* One; *and to the worthy* Common-Council Men *of this* CITY.

My Lord, and Gentlemen,

YOUR determined reſolution of publickly acknowledging the many obligations conferred on us by the Right Hon[ble]. *W. P--t*, and *H. L--ge*, Eſqrs; during the happy period of their adminiſtration, demands from me the dedication of the following *Elegy*: I would not preſume to advance the merits of it as worthy your acceptance, I am ſenſible it is neither adorned with learned eloquence, or ſtudied phraſes; it is nothing more than the ſallies of imagination,

uncultivated by frequent meditation. I preſent it to you as a juſt ſenſe of my eſteem for ſo many worthy men, I was going to ſay for *all*, and am now ſorry to except *one* from my good opinion, one that has hitherto been deemed a *father* of the city, but *how are the mighty fallen!*

I therefore intreat your kind acceptance of this little performance as a grateful teſtimony of my ſincere thanks, for ſo laudable a purpoſe, and be aſſured I ſhall ever think myſelf honour'd in approving myſelf

A CITIZEN.

AN

ELEGY.

SHOULD *England* totter, its foundations ſhake,
Our foes combining, and our All at ſtake,
Our Forts deſtroy'd, our Garriſons ſurpriz'd,
Deceit triumphant, and good Men deſpis'd;
Our Flag diſgrac'd by Cowardice or worſe,
(For Bribes and Treachery's a dreadful Curſe;)
Accumulating Debts will Ruin bring,
A bankrupt nation ſure's a dreadful thing.

Grant

Grant *England*'s credit with its honour fled,
O'erwhelm'd in debt, our boaſted greatneſs dead;
The nation's wailings, and their prince's fears,
The merchant's murmurs, and the widow's tears;
When each grave man is melancholy mad,
And laughing youth in mournful muſing ſad;
When int'reſt low'rs, and when ſtocks decay,
When bankers break, and tradeſmen run away;
At ſuch a time ſhould God's eternal grace,
Stretch forth his arm to ſave a ſinking Race;
Should his omnipotence at laſt decree
To call forth P--T, and ſay that *this is He*;
This is my choſen, foremoſt on record,
He ſhall do right, and vindicate my word;
I've try'd him, found him honeſt, good, and great,
Faithful to man, whoſe ſoul is not ingrate.
One more, a fav'rite too, upright and juſt,
For your ſupport I'll give th'important truſt;

And

And name him L--GE, as able to ſuſtain
The weight of malice ſurely on them lain.
As pillars of the ſtate, on theſe ſhall reſt
England's misfortunes, much with ills oppreſt.
What then enſued? How ſudden the tranſition,
Joy baniſhed care, a good for bad condition;
No vile invaders of the royal ear,
Honour, integrity, and juſtice clear;
No fawning ſycophants that bear the wink,
And learn by beck to act, to ſpeak, to think;
True to their truſt, and loyal to their King,
To *England* friends, to *England*'s foes a ſting.
Greatly ſuperior to the frauds of court,
Whoſe conſcience dictates what their tongues report;
Whoſe ſtable minds diſdain a proffer'd bribe,
Whoſe great abilities have oft been try'd;
Whoſe high ambition is the PUBLIC GOOD,
Cœleſtial Glory! rarely underſtood!

Prudent

Prudent their councils, learned their debates,
A curb to luxury, a prop to falling ſtates.
Adorn'd with ev'ry virtue truly great,
Oeconomy's illuſtrious robes replete
With honour, ſage philoſophy and care,
With penetration deep and foreſight clear;
No ſecret robbers of the public truſt,
Open, diſintereſted, nobly juſt:
Whoſe ample minds e'en offer'd to reſign
Their dear-earn'd income, glorious the deſign!
To ſerve their wretched country, to preſerve
The bleſſed birth-right BRITONS you deſerve;
" Accept our Service," was their laſt decree,
" We will reſign our All to ſet you free."
Shew me ſuch patriots,---ſearch your records o'er,
Can *England* boaſt ſuch patriot worth before?
When firſt our Sov'reign call'd them to his aid,
On honour's wings they flew, nor were afraid

To vindicate the right againſt a throng
Of harden'd miſcreants, ever in the wrong.
No flatt'ry ſooth'd their royal maſter's ear,
Honeſt and plain did word and act appear;
What commendations doth that man deſerve,
Who ſolely aims his countrymen to ſerve!
With acclamations BRITONS ſound his praiſe,
Whoſe Prince obſerved and approv'd his ways;
Whoſe ſov'reign maſter openly declar'd,
No plans of government ſo well appear'd;
With approbation honour'd, and obey'd,
And vow'd till then in darkneſs he had ſtray'd;
Like ſkilful oculiſts they clear'd the film,
Nor vainly ſtrove to ſave a gangren'd Limb;
They couched Majeſty if I am right,
Diſpers'd the filthy miſt of darkſome night;
That deadly miſt which years had been ſecreting,
Moſt 'noxious humours to the ſtate of BRITAIN.

Who's found ſo hardy to affirm for true
That liberty is flown away from you;
Or who ſo raſh will venture to make known
Our towns are plund'ring, and our traide o'erthrown;
Aſſiſt me brethren, offer up your pray'rs,
Invoke *Jehovah* by your ſuppliant tears;
If nought prevails, join me ye right'ous throng,
In penſive melancholy tune your ſong.
Mourn, mourn BRITANNIA, mourn thy drooping ſtate,
In ſable weep thy ſad diſaſtrous fate;
Orphans and widows join thy doleful cries,
Let mothers groans diſtend the vaulted ſkies;
Parents and children take a laſt farewell,
Let painful throbs your deſtinies foretell;
The ſacred nuptial bonds are now no more,
Huſband and wife each others loſs deplore;
No more ſhall parents breaſts with ardor burn,
In vain ſhall darlings liſp their ſires return;

Severe the taſk, your only hopes to fly,
Yet equal death to keep them company;
What bitter pangs, what guſhing tears muſt flow,
To ſee thy children ſlaughter'd by thy foe?
Yet more ſevere, oh, *England*, where's thy fame,
To view thy ſons gall'd ſore with ſlav'ry's chain?
What agonies diſtend the throbbing breaſt!
Diſtracting thought! who here can ſtand the teſt?
The joyful product of a virtuous flame,
Born free, a BRITON born, yet lives to ſhame;
In whom your equal joys concenter'd prove,
The cement of your paſt and future love;
Whoſe infant prattle cheer'd each drooping thought,
And, with his preſence, joy and comfort brought;
Ripe underſtanding early dawn'd his praiſe,
And ſympathetic, in your hearts did raiſe
The glowing tranſports of a virtuous mind,
The higheſt reach of bliſs for mortal man deſign'd.

Friendſhip

There points the ſhaft, view his defects at large,
Which his oppreſſors urge for his diſcharge.
Th'impious clan obſerve th'impending ſtorm,
And all combine a wicked ſcheme to form;
A troubled conſcience loads a perjur'd mind,
Methinks theſe words are wafted in the wind;
While P--T remains they cry death hovers round,
Not one of us are ſafe on *England*'s ground;
Contrive ye then to put this monſter by,
If not, my friends to *France* we all muſt fly.
Thus brooding o'er deſtruction's diſmal cell,
They cruſh the man who ſerv'd his country well;
The 'larum giv'n, each took his ſecret ſtand,
As deadly locuſts ſwarm a fruitful land;
Now here, now there, by turns they wing their flight,
And watch their r---- m----- day and night;
Each ſecret avenue they ſtrictly guard,
Leſt vice and virtue find their juſt reward.

Foul

Foul declamations ſwell their croaking notes,
And jealouſies diſtend their huſky throats;
Inſinuations dark diſturb their ſov'reign's ear,
Their clamour ſtill encreaſing with their fear;
Such popularity is fearful, ſure, they cry,
And black ſuſpicion's ſhafts precipitately fly.
Great G------E could ne'er ſuch abject thoughts con-[ceiv
That he was terror-ſtruck I'll ne'er believe;
All know him honeſt, and I think him ſo,
He never yet wou'd ſcreen old *England*'s foe;
Yet ſtill, my friends, 'tis true he is a King,
And Kings deceiv'd is no uncommon thing.
How e'er it was, of this we're much too ſure,
His m----- ſaid, he needed him no more:
It may be ſo, but I'll be bold to ſay,
His country needs him to this very day.
God knows th'event, I'm fearful to declare
What BRITONS juſtly have been taught to fear:

Who's

No wonder, countrymen, the times have been
So vile, corrupt, ſo very full of Sin;
No wonder deſp'rate battles have been loſt,
Our fleets diſpers'd, and well-laid ſchemes been croſt;
No wonder debts have ſtill been heaping on,
T'oppreſs the father and enſlave the Son;
Let wonder ceaſe, how ſtrange ſoe'r things ſhew,
BRITONS rejoice it was not worſe than ſo.
The mighty genius of our land began
To ſtem deſtruction, what a glorious plan!
Curtail'd Expence, diſcarded foreign force,
For our defence to *England* had recourſe;
Happy, ye BRITONS, had it been your Boaſt,
Long ſince to ſpurn exotics from your coaſt.
Who ſtation'd ſhips along the *Indian* ſhore?
Who ſav'd *Jamaica* from oppreſſive pow'r?
Whoſe care ſo provident in wafting o'er
Speedy ſupplies to the *American* ſhore?

Where

Where ſhall each BRITON thankfully declare,
To whoſe great wiſdom, whoſe paternal care,
Shall they their grateful praiſes loud beſtow,
For deep reſearches after *England*'s foe?
Tho' laſt, not leaſt, our adorations crave,
The well plan'd means to render *England* brave;
Whom ſhall we thank for ſuch a timely aid?
Ye know the Man whom a militia pray'd:
Who us'd his utmoſt pow'r, his greateſt ſkill,
To arm the nation and preſerve us ſtill.
What could he more? can any tax his fame?
What honeſt man his conduct dares to blame?
His words and actions, both will ſtand the teſt,
Did he not ſave, where others have oppreſt?
There points the dart, I've found the hidden clue,
He would not BRITONS, could not injure you;
He climbs too high on virtue's craggy Hill,
And would expoſe the ſource of all our ill;

Friendſhip is flown, and friends are turn'd to foes,
View ſlav'ry's chain, and liſt to freedom's throes;
Now frowning diſcontent diſtorts each brow,
And murm'ring jealouſies fly to and fro;
Blear-ey'd ſuſpicion baleful ſquints athwart,
A diſmal train! annex'd to ev'ry heart.
No more let BRITONS boaſt their happy birth,
No more let ruſtics till the fruitful earth;
Black deſolation ſpreads her wreck around,
And each good man is levell'd with the ground.

FINIS.

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Benjamin Russell

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